



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

very start and he never flags. What he began rather touchingly he ends rather greatly; you cannot be sorry for him any more; as soon could you be sorry for the Noble Army of Martyrs, and the story itself, which opens perhaps fantastically, ends on that note of deep irony which passes into reconciliation. People being what they are, there is but a little choice between better and worse—the affection is all. Whatever Stephen did not know about his Julia he had to learn at the last, and whatever she gave to Heron he had to do without, but he had her child. Having borne so much, he could bear the rest and make out a good sort of week-day life with the child for supreme satisfaction. Lives are made out thus and not so ill. Julia is light of weight with more of Lilith than of Eve about her. It is a pity that the best relation in the book should be the final understanding between a brave sweet soul and a low sort of brute, even though the brave soul is a foolish innkeeper with no taste and the other a poet and man of letters. It is a pity there should be no decent woman—spiritually speaking—to relieve the tension.

---

A pretty by-product is “The Shoulder Knot”\* in which the author amuses herself by saving the soul of her most recent villain. Christine is a lovely *amende honorable* for Julia Wing and Peter Bonsey is Heron saved at the price of blindness. Meredith was always in love with his heroines; women are too apt to grow enamoured of their own puppets. This one at least has tricked out her escapade into a charming fantasia in which sea and downs play a better part than the devil, and more convincing. This is hammock reading good for hot afternoons.

---

#### FOREIGN FICTION.

IF any man will know whether youth is irretrievably past, let him read “*La Croisée des Chemins*.”† The chances are that the first half of it will stir dear memories, make him twenty-one again, bring back the Quartier when he knew Paris, evoke the theories and standards of the ardent age. And then—the second half is fifteen years later; the society, the fashions, the motor-

\* “The Shoulder Knot.” By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. Boston: Cassel & Co., 1909.

† “*La Croisée des Chemins*.” Par Henry Bordeaux. Paris: Librairie Plon, 1910.

cars and the Sorbonne are all fifteen years older; and the ideals are more ancient by fifteen thousand years. It is an extraordinary test. For a moment one stops and perceives the passage of life, the shifting of ages, and measures it; then one forgets again that anything was ever different from to-day, whatever to-day may be.

This story of the cross-roads, the parting of the ways, is concerned really more with the ways than with the people that walk them. Pascal Rouvray himself, the young physician of brilliant promise, is real and likely enough, especially at the outset, and if he grows a little dull when he has turned forty that, too, is like life. Laurence Avenière, to whom he has just engaged himself, is an interesting type, and convincing almost throughout. She is independent—the youngsters have arranged their own affairs quite without family intervention—she is very ambitious and very self-possessed with a stronger sense of her own power than an Anglo-Saxon girl would have and a juster sense of the problem she has to settle. She does not try to sentimentalize away the incompatibilities; she knows that if her husband were a provincial doctor she would not be contented. And that is the truth, and the salvation of the two is to realize it. The least convincing part of the story is her revenge on Pascal for letting her throw him over, when, a mature woman deep in politics, she encounters him again in the tide of his new-won success. She would be more in love or less. The last scene in which she figures is pale and placid compared with the terrible hours of the young girl stubbornly standing out for her own will against her own heart. The tense, suffering, grim little figure was extraordinarily vital. Later, with her pale gold hair, her white frocks, the great swan's wings in her hat, she is too nearly like the adventuress of Boulevard melodrama.

The essence of the story is as far as possible from melodrama. It is simply a restatement of the old issue, old as man and older, between the individual and the race. Fifteen years ago, when we all were young, we swallowed Ibsen and Nietzsche down whole and threw up our caps for the rights of youth—the chance to live one's own life, to repudiate the past, to begin the world over again every morning. Unmistakably Mr. Henry Bordeaux was one of us then; he writes from the heart. But something strange has happened—that old doctrine looks as tawdry as a

theatre in the morning. We are all shouting for the Whole and the Race, the protection of those who cannot look out for themselves, old-age pensions, labor legislation and eugenics. Only the children in the schoolroom still quite believe in Ibsen and even Mr. G. B. Shaw has thrown him over. It began ever so long ago with *Johannisfeuer* perhaps; gallant Nora, tragic Hedda would not have made the choice of Sudermann's strong, silent heroine. Then Carl Ewald's troubling story of "The Old Room" was translated, the story of a woman whose sense was all of herself and a man whose sense was all of his stock, past and to come, his line; and the end of them was that when grief struck them he had the ghosts of his dead and she had not even the husband whom she had once chafed against. Meantime, in these years, how has the French stage occupied itself incessantly with all those questions which are too big for one life to embrace, which will do us no good but which we are none the less bound with all our strength to serve. M. Henry Bordeaux feels the absence of sympathy between himself and the students that throng the Mont Sainte-Geneviève to-day; if there is none it must be the boys and girls who are out of touch with advancing thought. Young Pascal Rouvray was in the great current when with his career and his love at stake, being called on his father's death to throw up all, to watch over a woman and two children and save the family credit in manufactures—in the teeth of all his theories, of all his wishes and his friends' influence, of his very personal will, it would seem, he makes the sacrifice. What his father and his mother did he does. The figure of the mother, by the way, is very beautiful and very French. We in America are hardly used to so superb a part for a woman elderly and married. She is really—and it expresses the very essence of the whole thesis—the finest and most convincing figure, but the book itself is more convincing and finer than any figure. It shows how the tide sets.

---

In our own land not the stoutest-hearted novelist would dare offer us a novel\* of 877 closely printed pages containing pictures of peasant life, mystic philosophy founded on Spinoza and lyric poetry in two kinds. Perhaps in our own land there is no writer

\* "*Waldrausch*." By Ludwig Ganghofer. Stuttgart: Verlag von Adolf Bronz & Co.